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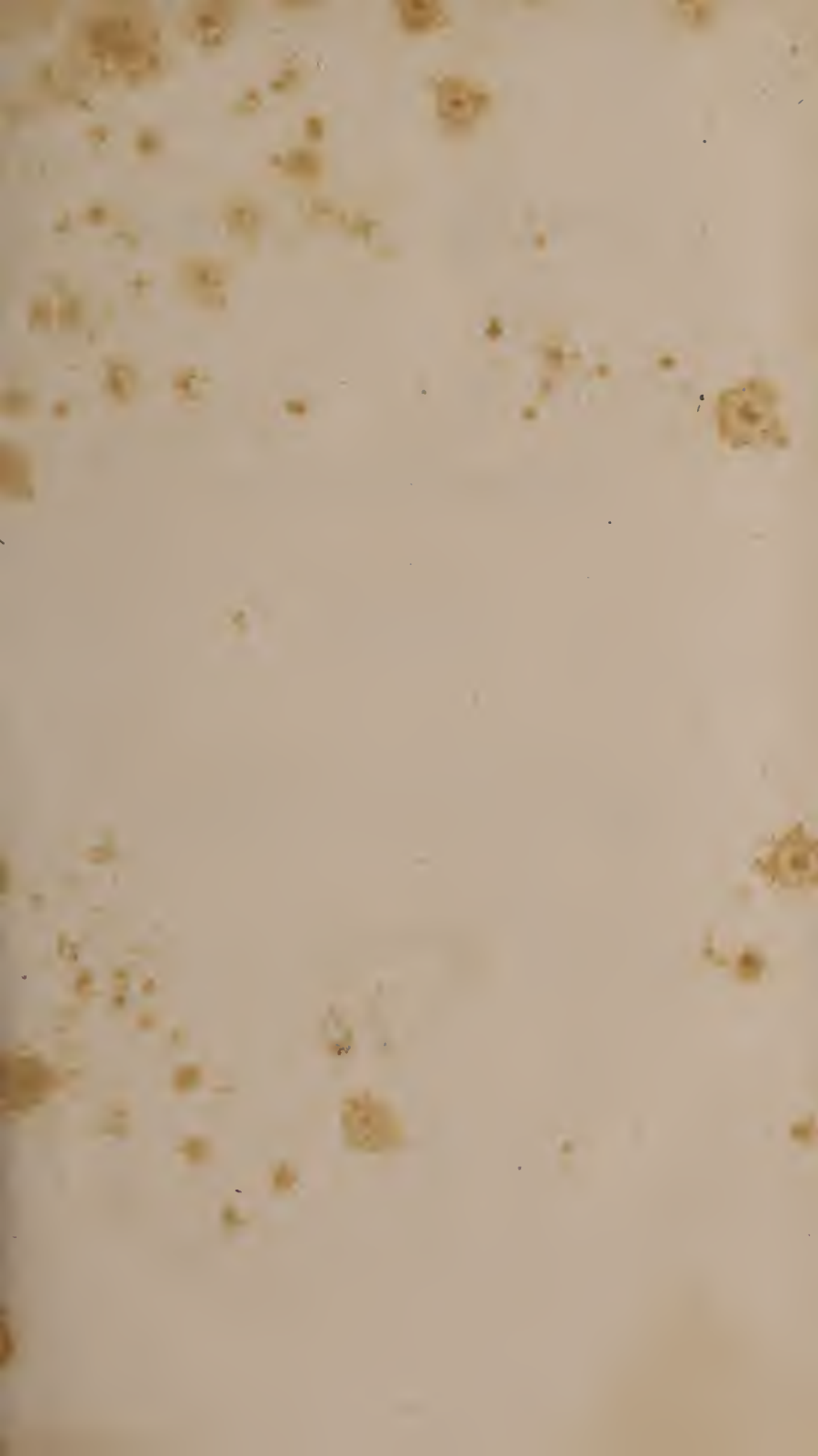
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THE  
AFRICAN REPOSITORY,

AND

COLONIAL JOURNAL.

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VOL. V.

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**THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.**

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VOL. V.

**JULY, 1829.**

No. 5.

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**The African Valley.**

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE following story is so interesting in the incidents related, and told with such beautiful and affecting simplicity, that we know not how to deny it a place in the Repository. It may also excite curiosity for more information in regard to Missions in South Africa; and we have before us an admirable work on this subject, from which we shall be able to gather much to gratify and animate the friends of the Redeemer. We propose to commence a Review of this work in our next number.

EARLY in the eighteenth century, at an obscure village in Lusatia, there lived a poor man whose Christian name was George, the humble associate of a few refugees, who, having escaped from Austrian intolerance, after suffering the loss of all things for the testimony of a good conscience, had sought refuge on the estate of a Saxon nobleman. In the midst of a forest they built habitations, and a church, and there supporting themselves by painful labour, they worshipped the God of their fathers, according to the rites which had been transmitted to them through many ages, as descendants from the Hussites. Scarcely, however, had these fugitives found rest for the soles of their feet, than, moved by the greatest principle in operation throughout the universe—the love of God manifesting itself in love to man, there were those among their little company who went forth to the ends of the earth, carrying to the most forlorn of their fel-

low-creatures, those good tidings of great joy, which the angel, at the birth of our Saviour, told the shepherds should be unto all people. Among these was the plain and simple-hearted peasant George, before mentioned. He was a man of clear understanding, invincible courage, and most affectionate zeal in the cause of that truth, for which he had already borne six years' cruel imprisonment in his native country, besides his share in the common persecution, that drove him and his companions into banishment. To be a day-labourer, or a menial servant; one who should minister to the convenience, or pander to the voluptuousness of others; eating bread all his days in the sweat of his brow, or rioting on the offals of rich men's tables, was the utmost of what might have been predicted concerning him, from the circumstances of his birth and education. But the grace of God ennoble the meanest subject of its influence, and there was a glory reserved for this exile, before which kings and conquerors, and laurelled bards, might rise up and veil their honours in reverence to it. The wish came into his mind to go and dwell among the Hottentots in South Africa, that he might speak to them, "words whereby they should be saved." He had heard of their ignorance, vice and degradation, and his heart yearned within him over their deplorable enthrallment.—Under the filth and deformity of the harshest exterior that claims affinity with the brotherhood of man, he could discern an immortal spirit, on its passage through time, to an unchangeable state, of which nothing is known beyond the terms of the last sentence on the righteous and the wicked.

At length, almost as poorly provided as the first Apostles, he set out from Holland, with the prayers and benedictions of his fellow Christians. He went alone, yet not unaccompanied, for He who called Amos from gathering sycamore fruit to be a prophet through all generations, had appointed him to his task, and never forsook him in the performance of it. On his arrival at Cape-Town, having obtained permission of the governor to settle in the interior, he began his pilgrimage with a staff and scrip, hands to labour, and the means of procuring a few implements of husbandry. In simplicity of purpose, he wandered forth in quest of outcasts whom he had never seen, and of whom he had heard nothing but evil: he went to speak comfortably to

them; he went to do them good. How beautiful then on the mountains were the feet of him who came to publish peace!— Yet, like his meek and lowly Master, wherever he turned, he was despised and rejected by them. The Dutch boors (the farmers on insulated plots of cultivation throughout the colony,) were as incapable of comprehending the object of his mission, as the barbarians themselves; for it appeared, that at the sacrifice of home, country, and friends, all that is dear and desirable in life, this solitary stranger had traversed land and ocean to fix his abode where neither wealth was to be accumulated, pleasure pursued, nor honour won: and where, amidst toil, poverty and contempt, he was about to spend his affections on creatures as insensible as the bushes, and to waste his intellect on minds as barren as the sands. Yet none of these things moved him; and, if the work was to be done, which he meditated towards Caffra-ria, at all, he was the man to do it.

In the progress of his journey, he arrived at a lonely glen, with a lively stream running through it, the declivities on either side abounding with timber for building and fuel. Here then, when nothing lay within the range of the eye, save the works of God as they came from his hand, our Christian adventurer determined to erect his dwelling. On this spot, therefore, to which Providence had directed him, he bowed his face to the ground, and consecrated the place to that Being, who had never before been named or acknowledged there. And He, who seeth in secret, made his divine presence so to be felt amidst appalling solitude, that when the worshipper rose from prostration, he could say with one of old, who had slept in the wilderness with a stone for his pillow, and saw in his dream a ladder that reached the sky, with angels ascending and descending thereon,—“This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.” Forthwith the new settler fell to work, and with his own hands, or such casual help as he could obtain from the boors and the natives, he built himself a cottage, enclosed a garden, planted trees, and cultivated grain, flowers, and fruit for provision, convenience, and delight. Slowly, but regularly, his circumstances improved; his flocks and herds, though never numerous, were soon sufficient to supply his few wants; and, out of his abundance, he had ever something to spare for the wretched Hottentots, who flocked to



him from all quarters, when either their own improvidence, or adverse seasons, reduced them to temporary distress.

In this retirement he lived nearly seven years, while, under his reforming hand, the waste round his habitation grew greener and lovelier every year. "The desert and the solitary place were glad for him, and blossomed as the rose." Here too, the good man walked with God, his home was a temple, and from the altar of his heart the morning and evening incense of prayer and thanksgiving arose, and was accepted, while amidst the silence of nature, the voice of song might be heard by the passing traveller, where heretofore, save the breeze and the rill, no sounds had been known but the howling of the wild beasts, or the clamor of wilder men in the pursuit of them, or in conflict with them.

Yet had he society, human society, the lowest in truth that could be entitled to the name, or to be endured without loathing. He repined not, for this was the very society of all the tribes of mankind he had chosen; the society for which he had forsaken all that he loved best, and most lamented in the world. Thinly scattered through interminable tracts of desolate country, with here and there an appearance of cultivation, were descried the kraals of the Hottentots, like circles of bee-hives, in sunny and sheltered spots on the margins of streams; or occasionally the lonely tents of the Bushmen, roving from place to place, wheresoever they could find game and plunder. But as colonization had spread, great numbers of the former, in the capacity of servants, earned a pittance; enough to keep them from starvation, by lazy drudgery for the farmers, or by tending the cattle which range far and near in search of their pasture. Peter Kolben, and others of the elder travellers in this excommunicated country, have minutely if not faithfully, described the uncouth manners, detestable habits, and atrocious practices of the native population at the time of which this history treats. Our unassuming visitor went not to Africa to spy out the nakedness of the land, nor to expose its rude inhabitants to the abhorrence of polished Europeans. His was another errand. He condescended to their low estate, that he might help them to rise above it; he regarded their wickedness, and abominations, only that he might show them the way by which they might be delivered from both. As for religion, he found not any thing worthy to be called by that name. A certain winged

insect was almost the only object of superstitious reverence among them. "Do not kill that fly, for it is the Hottentot's god," said a mother to her infant daughter, who with infantine eagerness was pursuing the little idol her mother worshipped.

At the return of the Pleiades, the Hottentots held an annual meeting. As soon as these made their appearance in the East, the mothers, who had been watching for the auspicious omen, then flew to awake their children, whom they caught up in their arms, ran with them into the open air, pointed out the beautiful stars, and taught them to hold forth their little hands in admiration. Then the inhabitants of the kraal assembled to dance and sing an ancient strain, of which this was the burden:—O Sista! thou father over our heads! give us showers, that our fruit may ripen, and that we may have plenty of food: send us a good year, that we may not be forced to rob the white men, nor they be forced to kill us!" Thus the true Father of all the families of the earth left not even those his stray offspring "without witness of himself, in that he gave them rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness."

It was a remarkable characteristic of these destitute savages, that in general they were very honest; for even when pinched with hunger, they were rarely tempted to steal. This refers exclusively to the genuine Hottentots, who appear to have been a distinct people, from the numerous tribes who lived northward of the colony. Their own tradition of their origin was this:—In a remote age a house of passage, (a ship or canoe,) arrived near the present situation of Cape-Town, containing a man, his wife, two boys, and a girl; a bull, a cow, with three calves, two more bulls, and a heifer; a ram and a ewe, with three lambs; two other rams, and a ewe without offspring. These were the progenitors of the Hottentots, and all their cattle. Whence the vessel came they knew not; but it had been conjectured, from the resemblance between certain words in their language, to some in the Hindoo dialects, but especially from the correspondence between the tricks of their sorcerers, and those of the Nicobar Islands, that their ancestors came from the East.

George, at every interval of labour, sought out the objects of his compassion, and solicited their confidence. Their intercourse indeed at first was not much more intelligible than if he

had assembled around him the elephants and giraffes of the neighbourhood, and endeavoured to make them sensible of his good will towards them, by such gestures, looks and accents, as might be supposed conciliatory and agreeable to them, while they in return, addressed him with equal familiarity, in the growling tones, and boisterous freedom of corporeal action, by which they converse with one another. But the language of love is simple, brief, and expressive, nor can it long be misunderstood between man and his fellows, though the dissimilarity of language and intellect be as wide in appearance, as between man and brute.— Love talks, looks, and moves, with meaning of his own, which all can comprehend, who are capable of loving, or being beloved. A kind word, a kind deed, even a kind intention, is soon felt and acknowledged. The barbarians, it is true, were so unaccustomed to these in Europeans, that when they found a white man who spake kindly to them, caressed their children, and concerned himself with their poor affairs, they wondered, and scarcely knew how to believe the evidence of their own senses, or the testimony of their own bosoms in favour of his sincerity. The thing was new in Caffraria, and slowly and warily they met his advances. It was to them, as if the tiger had quitted the forest, and had come to domesticate with them; as if the leopard had brought his prey to the kraal, and laid it at their feet, presenting his back to be fondled, while his spots darkened, and his skin glistened, as their infants patted his sides, or rolled with him on the grass. It was the children, in fact, that led the way to affability between them; he soon won their artless affections, and found the way to the hearts of the parents through the breasts of these little ones. Formerly, every sport, or occupation, was suspended when the stranger approached; now the young shouted at the sight of him, and ran from their mother's sides to meet him, and conduct him to their homes. Labour went on more diligently in his presence; and recreation, if checked in its violence, was more innocently and delightfully pursued when he took part in it.

From the time of his arrival, he had been endeavouring hard to gain some practical knowledge of their language, the mechanism of which resembled nothing that he had ever heard, being clicked with the tongue, and guggled in the throat, in such a

manner, that neither could his ear distinguish the rabble sounds, nor his unpractised organs form any successful imitation of them. There was not a cry of bird, beast, or insect, which he could not more readily have learned, and made subservient to the purpose of communicating with the species that employed it, than the unutterable gutturals of Hottentot speech; yet such is the flexibility of voice, and delicacy of ear, among the natives themselves, that since in a latter age, they have received Christianity, their devotional singing, in a dialect not their own,\* is so sweet and harmonious, that an exquisite judge, and eminent composer of sacred music, has called them "the smooththroated nation." Finding therefore the mastery of their language unattainable, George conceived the bold design of teaching them his own, or rather, the Low Dutch spoken by the colonists. Most of the barbarians, with whom he had correspondence, knew enough of it already to qualify them to act as herdsmen and labourers to the boors; he determined to teach them as much more, as should enable them in the plainest words to understand those truths of Revelation, which all must become little children to learn. Old, middle-aged, and young, eagerly offered themselves to be taught; and, by indefatigable diligence in bestowing instruction on minds, as little prepared to receive instruction as their own rocks were for culture, he so far succeeded as to render many well able to hold discourse with him, and some to read the Scriptures; whereby it may be averred, a few were in due time made "wise unto salvation."

It was indeed a simple tale that he told, but he told it so often, and told it so earnestly, that they were sure he believed it himself; and when, with a voice faltering through tenderness, hands stretched forth in affectionate entreaty, and eyes sparkling amidst tears, yet looking as if he could see into their very souls, he pressed the message home to their consciences, the most stupid among them could not but hearken. And hearken they did, with wonder, incredulity, and scorn at first; but alarm, conviction, resentment, shame, or compunction, alternately ran through the multitude as he proceeded, till, in the sequel, now one, then another,

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\* The Low Dutch, which, though the colony is now in possession of the English, is the general language both of Whites and Hottentots.



found hope, joy, and peace in believing. In a word, his auditories in sheep-skins received the Gospel with the same conflicting emotions, and various issues, which usually accompany the plain declarations of the truths of the Gospel to men of the most enlightened minds; and this was the sum of our preacher's discourses:

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

He dwelt especially on the sufferings of Christ, and the glory which shall be revealed. Then when he adjured them by the agony and bloody sweat, by the cross and passion, by the precious death and burial, by the glorious resurrection, and ascension of the Redeemer, to be reconciled to God;—then indeed, there were some who said in themselves with the disciples at Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" The general number of George's catechumens amounted to about fifty persons, besides casual hearers. Of these, seven were baptized by him, and while he remained in Africa, they walked worthily according to their profession.

Thus was there a Christian Church founded in the wilderness, where hundreds of generations, following each other like the succession of unconscious plants and dumb animals there, had lived and died in brute ignorance, and insensibility of sin, and judgment to come. Thus too was this portion of the earth, which before seemed cursed and abandoned for the primal offence, converted into a field which the Lord had blessed.

With prejudice, enmity, and inveterate opposition, did many of the Dutch boors behold these admirable changes in their neighborhood,—the resurrection of intellect, melioration of character, and apparent refinement of manners among the gross Hottentots. The miracles of Moses were not more strange in the eyes of the Israelites, than were the marvellous effects of the Gospel among the Heathen, to men who called themselves believers in it, who having come to Caffraria for purposes of commerce and agriculture, had not an idea of the natives beyond playing upon their stupidity, and making their arms and legs implements of husbandry, or machinery for locomotion. These very naturally, and yet foolishly, became alarmed at the symptoms of reformation among

their dependents, to which they could not remain blind; for ignorance is instinctively afraid of knowledge, and christian instruction being the communication of the best knowledge, domineering ignorance in heathen lands is more opposed to it than all the idolatries under the sun. The boors, not aware that this scriptural mode of civilizing barbarians would necessarily make them gentle, peaceable, kindly-affectioned one to another, and meekly obedient to their superiors, were shrewd enough to perceive, that their serfs would soon be as intelligent as themselves; and thence they concluded, that being the majority, they would of course combine and drive their masters out of the country. The planters, therefore, conspired at first to get rid of the preacher. This they attempted by insinuating jealousies between him and the poor creatures whom he was daily laying down his life to serve, and by exciting prejudice on the part of the colonial government against its best subject. Before the latter, they brought railing accusations, and preposterous complaints, as though he were endangering the safety of the Company's dominions, by instilling into the population principles, which would not only lead to rebellion, but would render them more formidable enemies than they could be in their present state, by making them as wise to do evil as the Europeans themselves: for of being made wise to do any thing else they had no conception. George on these occasions repeatedly went to Cape-Town to answer the charges laid against him, which he always did to the satisfaction of the governor, and the silencing of his adversaries, for a time at least. But they were not thus to be baffled—they persevered in their hostility to his plans of peace, and so vexed and harassed his righteous soul by their persecuting machinations, that he found himself under the necessity of returning to Europe, to sue for redress at the head of authority, the colonial legislature being impotent to protect him in the exercise of his undoubted rights and privileges, as a settler, under the East India Company's own sanction. He took back with him this testimony from the governor, that "though he was only a poor plain farmer, he had done more good to the miserable Hottentots than any man in the colony beside him had ever done."

But though the justice which he claimed in Holland was readily promised, it was so long delayed, that the delay became denial, and a timid and bigoted policy so far prevailed, that in the

end he was refused permission to return to his station. This was the hardest trial of all; for he would gladly have resumed his ministry at any peril, rather than thus be detained an exile from it at home. There was no choice, however, and he was compelled to retire amidst his own people in Germany. With them he lived for several years in hopes of more propitious times. These never came, and, like the worthies of old, he died in faith, not having received the promise. As in Africa among the Hottentots, he had lived in fellowship of spirit with his brethren in Europe, so among these he maintained communion of thought, and affection, with his few converts and Pagans in Caffraria, from whom he had been separated by an inscrutable Providence. There came too, from time to time, brief tidings from the Valley in which the little Church dwelt, stating, that its members yet held together, and were earnestly inquiring when their kind teacher would return. At length he heard no more; but he never forgot them, nor passed a day without special supplication in their behalf before the throne of grace; for, when every other prospect closed upon him, he could yet bear them on his heart in fervent and believing prayer. On one of these occasions, it is said, not appearing in his usual place in the congregation, and being sought in his closet, he was found dead there upon his knees, holding, it may be presumed, his beloved Africa in remembrance with his last breath.

Meanwhile, the little flock which George had gathered in the wilderness, were gradually dispersed, or destroyed by wolves in human shape among their own tribe, or the more ferocious ones of European origin. The counsels of God are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out. The fact can only be recorded, that in a short time there was no longer a community of christian Hottentots in existence; but He, without whose permission not a sparrow can fall to the ground, assuredly accomplished, in the few who had embraced the truth, all the good pleasure of His will. Though their names were written in heaven, there remains no memorial on earth of their lives and latter end, except in two instances hereafter to be mentioned. The confession, however, of his first convert may be given here, as an example of the effect produced by his teaching. If there be found among Christians those who despise its simplicity,\* of them it may be said, that THEY "know not the Scriptures, nor the power of God." Be-



ing asked what he thought of Christ? he thus replied, "If all my countrymen were to forsake our Saviour, yet I would not go away, for with *Him* is life—I know that I am not what I ought to be; but I will nevertheless abide with Jesus, till I experience the full power of His precious blood to change my heart."

After the decease of George, the time of the visitation of South Africa seemed to have arrived and to have gone by, no more to return. If ever a work of faith, and labour of love, had been wrought in vain, his might be imagined to have so miscarried; or, if the hope which the righteous hath in death, could perish like the hope of the hypocrite, so appeared his to have died with him. During fifty years from his return to Europe, all probability of reviving the object of his mission was removed from himself and from his successors, who, after his demise, never ceased to look forward to the time when some of their number might re-occupy his post. His cottage meanwhile fell into ruins, his garden ran to waste, the wild boar of the forest broke down the fence, and serpents hissed among its degenerating flowers. Year after year, the leaves, the blossoms, and the fruit, returned to his orchard trees; but the leaves fell in solitude and rotted on the ground, the blossoms unadmired, withered in the wind, while the fruits ripened only to become the food of monkeys and baboons, which multiplied so abundantly in the neighbourhood, that the glen itself obtained the name of *Bavian's Kloof* (Baboon's Glenn.) The place became a desolation like ancient Babylon. The wild beast of the desert lay in ambush there; the houses, forsaken by their inhabitants, were full of doleful creatures, and bats brooded under the darkness of their walls; thither the vulture flew with his mate to prey on the carcass which the lion had left; and there the satyr danced and cried to his fellow. Where the loveliest spot of cultivation in South Africa had flourished, the footsteps of man were seldom seen, except when he chased the antelope through the thicket; or, when the broad channels were dry, sought water for his cattle at the streamlet, swelling forth between the mountains at which George had often filled his cup, and in whose flood, like the forerunner of Christ, he had administered baptism in the wilderness. Now, where prayer was wont to be made, as of old, by the river side, and where, "glory to God in the highest" had been sung in strains, with which angels might

have mingled their harps and voices—the active day, and peaceful night, had changed their characters: the day was desolately still, the night terrible, with the roaring of tygers, and the cries of their victims.

Yet was there an eye of mercy never turned away, and a hand of Providence never withdrawn from this forsaken and polluted, but consecrated Glen. The decree had gone forth from eternity, that Africa should here see the salvation of God; nor of the thousands of years, during which it had lain like “the earth, without form and void, and *darkness* was upon the face of it,” had one moment been lost, though, according to human conception, it was late before “the Spirit of God moved upon the waters, and God said, let there be light, and there was light.” He, who “doeth what he will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth,” works in His own time, and in His own way, by His own means, and by His own agents only. His time arrived, His way was made known, His agents were appointed, and His means put into their power. Not a tear had been shed in vain by the first planter of His vineyard, thus relapsed to the wild; not a prayer, which he offered on the spot, or at the distance of two thousand leagues, had been forgotten, or in the event will remain unanswered, when the purposes of heaven shall all be accomplished, though to reveal them entirely may ask ages to come. In the fiftieth year after George’s return to Europe, three men of the same connexion, and of like spirit with himself, were deputed to South Africa, to labour in the field which had lain fallow so long, that its locality was scarcely known. They sailed in 1792, with full authority from the Dutch East India Company to take possession of the old settlement, and revive his work among the Heathen, roving or resident in any part of the colony. On landing, they proceeded as early as possible, to the scene of their engagement, which they found, as has already been described, “an abomination of desolation.”

The ruins of George’s dwelling were discovered, and also some shells of Hottentot kralls, made of sun-dried bricks, which his converts once occupied, but which were now the lairs of jackals and hyænas. The dilapidated walls of the former, rising above the briers, and reed-grass that choked up the enclosure, presented a land-mark at the opening of the valley; and, though its his-

tory had fallen into equal decay with its structures, there were relics of tradition concerning the place, which made it more awful in the sight of both Boors and Barbarians, than the Donnersberg on the one hand, or the great mountain on the other.—Amidst the rank vegetation of the garden and orchard, there yet flourished, in prime of vigour and fertility, a single pear-tree, which George had planted. This, in the long interval since his departure, had thrown itself forth into immensity of boughs, and foliage, bearing in its season delicious burthens of fruit to feast the fowls of heaven, the reptiles of the brake, and the animals from which the glen took its name. The new comers immediately set themselves to dispossess the latter tenants, whose progenitors, since the departure of the good husbandman, had seized the inheritance, and transmitted it from generation to generation, more and more fitted by its unpruned and exuberant wildness, to be the haunt of creatures that equally caricature humanity in their shapes and their manners. Slowly, reluctantly, and not without show of opposition, the monkies and babboons, (as well as more formidable beasts of prey,) resigned their usurped dominion retiring into the woody recesses of the glen, whence they frequently sallied forth to commit depredations on the rich products of the ground, now rapidly improved by cultivation. As soon as the soil was sufficiently cleared, the industrious successors of the first apostle of South Africa began their ministry, both of teaching and preaching, under the wide spreading branches of the afore-mentioned pear-tree, converting at once into a school-house and a temple the living memorial, and beautiful emblem of the church, which George had planted there; but which, unlike it, had been demolished to the root. This emblem and memorial, however, had not ceased to be a pledge of that church's resurrection; though lost for half a century, and left a prey to all manner of spoilers, it had still been preserved in the midst of devastation, like a tree of life, guarded by cherubim, and the flaming sword turning every way, to afford food and shelter, a place for labour, and a sanctuary for worship, to disciples worthy of him whom they followed, and of the Master whom he and they equally served. It was a spectacle to create joy in heaven, thus to witness the scenes of George's days renewed on the very spot where he had

lived; for here, on the Sabbath, under the shadow of the pear-tree,\* were assembled groups of such savages as he had been accustomed to address, wrapped in their sheep-skins, and hideously ornamented with coloured earth—yet hearkening to the words of eternal life till the tears rolled down their tawny cheeks; and they forgot their fierceness in wonder and delight of attention. And here, on other days, as many of the little Hottentots as the good brethren could collect, (though as frolicsome as leopards' cubs, and as difficult to keep when they were caught,) learned those first lessons of knowledge which Bacon and Newton conned, and the first principles of that wisdom, the lowest effect of which, is to raise man to his own rank above the brute; and the highest, to prepare him for the society of angels, and communion with his Maker.

On the first arrival of these good men at the Kloof, they made earnest inquiries there, and whenever they had occasion to travel in the colony, respecting the dispersion of their predecessor's converts; but among a barbarous people who had no records, and the Dutch Boors, whose fathers had been his enemies, (and who themselves inherited their fathers' jealousies and fears towards the new comers,) little information could be gleaned. One aged woman, however, whose name was Helen, and whom George had baptized was traced out. When they entered her miserable habitation, they found her nearly blind and helpless, her faculties having fallen into decay as deplorable as her person and circumstances. With difficulty they made her comprehend who they were, and what was their errand to Africa. By degrees her understanding seemed to grow enlightened, her heart revived within her, and the recollection of former years of youth, and hope, and happiness came over her soul, like the breath of resurrection, into all that she once had known, but long had lost, and scarcely retained the power spontaneously to call again, from the forgetfulness of old age. Her countenance kindled, her eyes gleamed out of darkness, and tremblingly, raising herself on the pallet, she directed a young Hottentot female who was with her, to bring

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\* This tree is yet standing, and, though upwards of four score years old, produced in the season of 1821, fifteen sacks of excellent fruit; the greatest quantity ever gathered from it.



forth from the corner of the hut, something which the good white man, who dwelt among them when she was in her prime, had given her at his departure, with a special charge to keep it, and use it, till she should see him again. The treasure was carefully enveloped in two sheep-skins, and proved to be a Dutch New Testament. Nor had this one talent been buried, like that which the slothful servant wrapped in a napkin, and hid in the earth till his lord's return; it had been well occupied, according to the small ability of its possessor. Poor Helen had been long unable to peruse its pages herself, but the young woman, her neighbour and only companion, when she visited this widow in her affliction, was in the practice of reading to her the words of that book. The venerable Christian, who had thus dwelt alone for fifty years among the Heathen, yet never relinquished her faith in the Gospel, was overpowered with the good tidings she had lived to hear that day, and jowfully renewed her open fellowship with the people from whom she had never been disunited in spirit. She survived about six years, and then came to her grave in a good old age, like a shock of corn fully ripe brought in at the season. Her humane assistant too, by the frequent perusal of Helen's Testament, was in heart already prepared to receive the Gospel, and she was one of the first fruits of the ministry of George's successors, who here came in but to reap what he had sown. Some time afterwards another ancient woman, whom George had baptized, and who now resided in a distant part of the colony, hearing that white men had come from Europe to instruct her country people in the Great Word, rose up in the midst of her family, and cried aloud, "My children, we must leave this place, and go to live with our teachers." She led the way, her little clan followed, and she brought them to the glen where she had spent her happiest days in early life, and where she now resolved to spend her last, and (as they proved) the happiest of all. Her progeny were soon added to the small society of believers, already separated from the Pagan multitude. This matron died not long since, when her age exceeded a century, according to the best computation. Though to the end she was a Hottentot, in the government of her family, over which she exercised patriarchal authority, chastising with a paralytic hand that could scarcely hurt a bird, her grey-headed offspring, when

they happened to displease her, and who, to their credit, bore correction most reverently from their mother; yet, in all other respects, she exhibited an entire change of mind and manners, being an example of humility, kindness, and devotion to all around her.

One more indirect, yet pretty evident recollection of George's residence in South Africa, and a tradition of his intended return, may be stated. A woman, who had joined the new congregation, told one of the ministers, that when she was a girl, her father had once called his family around him, and thus prophetically addressed them: "My children, what your father says is the truth; you are called Hottentots, and you are despised by other people, who are wiser and richer than you; but continue to behave well; for I am assured that God, (though we know very little of him,) will send teachers of his will from a far country to our nation. I am old, and I shall not live to see that day; but you are young, and, will see with your eyes what I have told you. Now, my children, as soon as you hear that such persons are come, make haste to meet them; stay where they stay; follow them whithersoever they go; obey their words, and believe your father—it shall be well with you."

George's successors, for several years, had to encounter the same kind of hostility, privation, and suffering, to which he had been exposed: but, "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend:" Three in difficult circumstances, are more than proportionably better than one; for by the union of hands, hearts, and heads, each has at command the resources of three, so that three in concert, have the power of nine acting individually. Hence, by unwearied diligence, and quiet perseverance in well doing, they finally put to silence evil speaking, and reconciled even the enemies of religion, to its diffusion among their dependants, when they found the latter, not only wiser, but better for it, less to be feared, more worthy to be trusted, and more industrious, as well as more docile, and expert in all kinds of service. In the course of a few years, a congregation of Christian converts was collected about the glen. A plain and spacious church was erected, in the midst of a regular village of comfortable houses, built after the European manner, multiplying from year to year, and tenanted by reclaimed Hottentots,

Bushmen, and Caffres, as happily transformed from their native grossness, filth, and abominations, as the glen itself had been changed from an habitation of dragons to the abode of peace. Thus, in the midst of the waste howling wilderness, was planted a garden of the Lord. The population, in the year 1821, amounted to nearly fifteen hundred persons, all bearing the Christian name, and exhibiting, in a greater or lesser degree, the glory and the grace of the Christian character, by their meek and docile behaviour. Meanwhile their minds, their persons, their manners, and their dwellings, were equally improved, and advancing in improvement day by day, under the humanizing influence of the Gospel, which proved itself here, as it does every where, to be truth, light, knowledge, and blessedness, to all who receive it.

Agricultural and Mechanical arts, as well as useful learning, being introduced with religion, and growing up with it under the superintendence of faithful teachers, whose numbers were reinforced from time to time, by new arrivals from Europe—secured to all the inhabitants, those necessities and comforts of life, which were consistent with their humble rank in society, while that rank was gradually rising above the mire of its origin; as the people were prepared by increased information for increased wants, and by these for increased enjoyments.

In course of time, when this happy experiment of a few sincere men, meaning to do good, and meaning nothing else, in their disinterested services, had become so signally successful as to attract the admiration of all who visited the place; Christians of other communities began to follow the example in various districts of the colony; and they also, wherever they established themselves, practically refuted the inveterate lie which had been told for ages, by those who knew not what they said—that *Hot-tentots could not be tamed*. Christianity and civilization, hand in hand, the former leading the latter, as surely as the sun the day—were promptly and invariably introduced—wherever the voice was heard crying, among them that sat in darkness, and the shadow of death, “Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.”

But this narrative being intended to exhibit only one beautiful chain of Providence, drawn out of the depths of eternity, in the



days of the first apostle to South Africa,—lost in obscurity for fifty years after his return to Europe,—then brought to light again unbroken, and lengthened to this hour, when the whole mystery of its purpose is developed, though link shall be added to link till the end of time, with which alone its progression shall cease,—we shall not stay to inquire, how many other chains of the same beneficent Providence, extending in different directions, might be traced to the same origin, in the painful, interrupted, and apparently forever disappointed efforts of one poor man, persecuted and baffled in his own day, forgotten in that which succeeded; but whose memorial, revived in the third generation, ought never to be lost while the sun and moon endure. The present view of the immediate issue of his labours, may be properly closed with the description of a solemnity, of annual recurrence, in the African Valley.

The village, decorated with many luxuriant trees, through which the roofs of the dwellings are distinguished in the distance emerging as from a wood, stands between two lofty eminences, the Kloof or Glen behind it narrowing up between the slopes. A copious stream traverses the plain, which, when occasionally swollen with molten snows, or flooded with rains, rises into a formidable river. A striking proof of the exaltation of a degenerate race by the introduction of Christianity and its concomitant blessings, may be discovered in the structure, by Hottentot hands, of a solid and commodious bridge. Among the gardens, orchards and fields, with which their cottages are surrounded, the loveliest inclosure is one of unploughed, but not uncultivated ground, in which all the inhabitants have a common interest. There the dead, all resting in their beds, lie side by side, in uninterrupted order; for no grave being ever re-opened, nor any invidious distinction made, the place of each, when brought to this equal home, is that which occurs next to the last interred. Fenced with rose-trees, carpeted with flowers, silent, and lone, and beautiful, this frontier bourne between two worlds, the scene of many a parting and re-union, while the months roll on—once in the year assembles, in full communion, the deceased and the surviving, on that day, when the Church Militant commemorates her fellowship with the Church Triumphant. The brief particulars of one of these occasions, will best illustrate their general character.

On Easter Sunday morning, (1819,) the Hottentot congregation, with many strangers, both native and European, had assembled on this burial-ground, by the early hour at which Mary, on the first day of the week, went to the Sepulchre. About two thousand persons, old and young, were present at the reading of the litany of their ancient Church, specially appointed for that festival, in the open air. All was hushed to silence under the cool grey morning sky, from which the stars were retiring one by one, and the moon grew pale in the West, the dew lay thick upon the ground, where the graves were ranged in goodly rows, one small flat stone on the head of each, bearing the name and the date of "the poor inhabitant below," while the space yet unoccupied, presented to the eyes of many there standing, the very spot where each should lie down among the clods of the valley, the very spot from which each should come forth at the shout of the Archangel, and the trump of God.—Here, amidst the congregation of the living, and in the presence of that of the dead—the single voice of the minister was heard, relieved only from pause to pause, by the responses of the people, at first low and indistinct, but gradually rising in tone and fervour, as the dawn brightened above them. On each side were seen the everlasting hills already mentioned: *Here* the Donnersberg, the mountain of thunder, so called, because the heaviest storms collect on its head, rush down, and spend their fury at its feet; *there the gross Mountain*, shutting out half the heavens with its shadow. Ere long the peaks of both grew golden in the spreading light; the mists exhaled in shining wreaths along their eastern flanks, while the retiring darkness, more intense by contrast, deepened through the inner glen. In the midst of the service, while the words of the Redeemer were yet sounding in the ears of the people, as though they had heard them from his own lips, just breaking through the silence of the tomb,—“I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,”—the sun sprang above the horizon, opening the whole temple of the universe, and pouring at once his radiance upon the breadth of the mountains, into the bosom of the valley, along the graves of the dead. At the sight of that daily emblem of the Sun of Righteousness arising on the nations, with healing on his beams, the glad multitude lifted up their voices, praising

God, and singing the triumph of Him, who, on the morn of His own resurrection, "ascended up on high, led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them."

This has Christianity done for an African Valley; and this will it do for the rest of the dark places of the earth, which are yet full of the habitations of cruelty and wickedness. If there be philosophers and philanthropists who look with scorn upon this simple method of humanizing savages, let them do the like "with their enchantments," if they can,—till then, they must bear the discredit of being unable, or the guilt of being unwilling, thus to benefit their fellow-men. Meanwhile it becomes those, who are themselves not even attempting any thing, at least to be silent, while humble believers will behold, in that success which accompanies the efforts of the feeble agents of this good work, "*the great power of God.*"



### From Liberia.

Among the papers recently received from the Colony, is one prepared by the lamented Dr. Randall in relation to the Slave-trade. It will be seen by the extracts which we make from this paper, that this odious traffic is still prosecuted to a great extent, and perhaps with undiminished efforts. It will also be observed, that, in the opinion of Dr. Randall, the measures pursued at present by Christian nations for its suppression, will never accomplish the object. Those which he recommends would certainly be more efficient; nor would their expensiveness be such as to render them on that account objectionable. Indeed, expense deserves not to be mentioned in a case like this; unless to show by contrast that all which has yet been expended to arrest this traffic, is but as a mite to millions of dollars, when compared with the treasure which has been wasted in carrying it on, or the magnitude of the evils which it has produced for centuries. Not less, we believe, than from 35 to 50 hundred of millions of dollars have been expended in the purchase of slaves in Africa, since the Portuguese first led the way in this infamous commerce; and a number of human beings exceeding the whole population of this Union, have been torn from their homes and consigned to the miseries of slave ships, and to perpetual bondage.

"Frequently within sight of the colonial factories the slave-traders carry on their operations. The Slave-trade never has

been carried on with more activity than it is at this time. There is established at the Gallenas, a regular slave agent, who furnishes slaves to the slave vessels. He receives his goods from trading vessels, and it is said principally from an *American* vessel. He purchases large numbers of slaves, and furnishes the slave vessels, who principally bring out specie. These vessels run up and down the coast until a convenient opportunity offers, when they run in and get their cargoes of slaves. Some of them are captured, and I have been informed, that they have been bought afterwards, at Sierra Leone, by their original owners, and that the same vessel has been frequently bought and sold several times.

“The efforts of the French and English to put down the Slave-trade, are entirely abortive. They send out a frigate with a broad pendant, with two or three sloops of war, which run down and up the coast two or three times a year. Their movements are as well known to the slavetraders as if they were communicated by telegraphic despatch. This is done by means of the Kroomen, who are kept in the employment of the slavetraders. A number of these active messengers are always at Sierra Leone; and as the sailing of a man of war is always known for several days before her departure, they always have time, in swift canoes, to give notice to the slavers, who immediately leave the coast.

“In my opinion, there is but one way of breaking up the Slave-trade, and that is, to have ten or twelve light, fast-sailing schooners, to cruise on the coast at those places from which the slavers can take off slaves. These vessels should relieve each other, and continue on the coast during the whole year. They should have one or two sloops of war with them, the forces of which would be strong enough to land and break up the slave factories. If this system were pursued by either or all of the nations who undertake to break up the Slave-trade, for two years, I question, whether at the end of that time there would be a slave vessel found on the coast of Africa.

“As an example of the secrecy with which the slaves can be sold, I must mention to the Board an instance that has occurred within my own immediate observation. Mamma, the proprietress of Bushrod Island, just in front of Monrovia, whose town



is not more than a quarter of a mile from our settlements on that Island, bound herself by treaties with this Colony, not to permit the Slave-trade to be carried on within her territories. About three or four weeks ago, a complaint was lodged with me, through her son-in-law, that some of her people had ran away, and were harboured by the Recaptured Africans under my charge. Not being willing to give up these poor creatures without hearing their complaint, I sent Mr. Williams (the Superintendent of Recaptured Africans) to ascertain from them, why they had left their mistress. They stated, that Mamma had lately sold many of her people to the slavers at Gallenas, and that she was about to sell them when they ran away. From this circumstance, and what I have since heard, I have reasons to believe, that for years she had never ceased to sell slaves. The fact of her originally having had many hundred people under her government, and her now having but 8 or 10 families, is strongly confirmatory of the correctness of this opinion."



## Expedition up the St. Paul's.

The much-lamented Dr. Randall gave the following account of a short journey up the St. Paul's, in a letter to a friend, who has kindly consented to its publication. It will give our readers a very good idea of the country which is now inviting the industrious and energetic freemen of colour in our land, to make it their own, and to cover it with the blessings of liberty and the habitations of civilized and Christian men.

*Liberia, February 15, 1829.*

I have at length gotten through with this much-talked-off African fever; and, after all, do not think it any great thing. A Carolina or Georgia fever is just as bad, and as for an Alabama fever, it would be worth two of it. I continued to use precautions and take medicines for six weeks after my arrival, and enjoyed perfect health; but I at length became tired and careless, and the consequence was—the fever. I was well taken care of, and had every attention that could be afforded; and since I am through with it, I am glad I have had it, as it will exempt me entirely from it hereafter.

As soon as I had finished my business with the Shark, and

she had sailed, I determined to set off on an exploring expedition up the St. Paul's, which had been hitherto unexplored by civilized man, except to Millsburg, the head of safe navigation. I left this the day previous, so as to take a fair start from Millsburg, our frontier post. The river from its mouth is most beautiful: its banks are high and broken, and covered with the most dense and variegated verdure. Along the banks here and there, we observed an African town, with the thatched huts intermingled with the broad green leaf of the plantain, of which the beautiful pea-green colour distinguishes it from all surrounding verdure. On our approach to one of those villages, which is always announced by our boatmen with their African Boat Song, we generally found all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, assembled on the beach to see and receive us. If you stop, you are immediately carried to the King, or head-man's house, where you are expected to make him a *dash* or present before any thing is said or done. If on a friendly visit, it is small, and is returned by a dash on the other part. But if on business, and you have any great object to effect, your *dashes* must be larger and numerous, and then you receive nothing in return. After passing half a dozen of these villages on the St. Paul's, and ascending 20 miles, we arrived at Millsburg, where we slept in country fashion, but had a good supper from our store basket. In the morning early we left the settlement with our little party, (which soon however magnified itself into a pretty large one,) as the natives say, "to go into the bush." One of the most enterprising of our settlers had penetrated along one of the branches of the river, by following the paths made by the wild cattle, for about two miles, and we determined to follow the same path as far as it would lead us. As the underwood here is the most dense and close that can be imagined, the course of procedure is to send forward, to clear the path, two or three of the natives with their short strait cutlasses, with which they open the path with great facility. By thus cutting a passage through the underwood, without cutting the large trees or shrubbery, a perfect alcove is formed, and you are entirely protected from the action of the sun, which is only now and then visible through an opening in the trees. When we had advanced about two miles on our route, we came to a point where the St. Paul's was joined by a considerable stream, which we at first

concluded was a river from the North; but upon ascending the river to a higher point, we ascertained that it was only a branch which had separated above and united at this spot. We were exceedingly anxious to cross the river, to survey the beautiful island opposite; but as there was no other means of getting over, except by a native bridge, we had to abandon the idea. The native bridges are constructed of ratan or country rope, and consist merely of cords drawn across the river, to prevent the current from sweeping the swimmer down, and are sometimes to the unskilful more dangerous than useful. I was astonished to find the St. Paul's here, contrary to my expectations, most clear and limpid. Most of the African rivers are said to be turbid and muddy; but in the St. Paul's, the bottom was visible at 20 feet, and the fish, which were numerous, could be seen for many yards from us. As we advanced further on our route up the northern branch, which we determined to pursue till we came to the main stream again, our path was crossed by many more recent wild cattle tracks, all leading to, or from, the river, and we occasionally saw the broad foot-print of an elephant. After following the course of this branch of the river for two hours, we found that we would have to leave it, or deviate from the course by which we expected to strike the St. Paul's above, where the natives told us it made a great sweep or bend, and "made trouble or fuss." We therefore left the river and kept on northward by a cattle path, which soon brought us to a prairie. This was evidently an artificial prairie; and the numerous palm and cotton trees, soon convinced us that this had at some former period, been the seat of an extensive and populous native settlement. The appearance of the solitary palm tree, is most truly majestic. In a plain on which there is no shrub six feet high, a half dozen of these fine trees will elevate their smooth round trunks, without a branch, 80 or 100 feet, and then expanding their heads, by opening their broad pea-green leaves, they form a beautiful umbrella, some twenty or 30 feet in diameter. After following a strait line through the prairie, which appeared to have been the favourite resort of the wild cattle and elephants, about two or three hour's walk, we began to hear the roar of the cataract, and now became convinced that we had taken the proper course and would soon again be in sight of the river. The river broke upon our view



just as we had ascended the height of a considerable mountain, which appeared to thrust itself immediately in our path. From this height, which is nearly 200 feet, I had a view of the St. Paul's, only intercepted here and there by the density of the foliage. I now found what the natives had described as a tremendous cataract or fall, was merely rapids in the river, produced by the sudden obstruction of its course offered by the chain of hills on the point of which I then stood. As soon as I was able, (for we had all been completely broken down in the ascent,) I commenced the descent to the river, down a bank so steep, that nothing but a strict adherence to the underwood could save us from falling down the declivity. We had here many amusing incidents. A little native boy, whose sole duty it appeared was, to carry a small iron pot, lost his poise, and came rolling pot and all, down the hill. In his rapid course, he tripped up the legs of the Krooman who carried our whole stock of provisions in a basket. The case was really alarming, for our whole stock of provisions was not only in great jeopardy, but as there was below a precipice of 50 feet, the fear was that the poor fellows would pitch over. Fortunately they both succeeded in stopping themselves before they arrived at its edge, and, except some severe bruises and scratches, we sustained no other loss than a bottle of claret and the iron pot, which was dashed to pieces, and will no doubt serve some day for slugs for an Elephant shooter. The Krooman took it very coolly, saying he no care; he no break the Governor's plate; but the poor boy was jeered throughout the whole journey with the loss of the pot with which he had been entrusted. On arriving at the foot of the precipice, close down to the edge of the river, I found that the sweep of the river from its original course was caused by its choosing the direction of this high chain of hills. The St. Paul's here is wider, deeper, and contains much more water than the Potomac. It is a much more beautiful stream too; for its banks, though fully as precipitous, are clothed with the richest verdure, and this verdure is of a more variegated character. The innumerable islands which were scattered in front of us, appeared each one intended to catch, in its descent of the stream, some particular plant or shrub, and afford for it shelter and protection, for scarce two of them were alike in their foliage. As most of these shrubs too were different from

those in the surrounding woods, we had no doubt that their seeds and roots had been brought down by the inundations of the annual rains. Many of them perhaps are from the foot of the Kong Mountains. After resting ourselves, it became necessary to determine whether we should return immediately, or by advancing farther, render it necessary to spend the night in the woods. We ascertained that our provisions would be sufficient to give all hands a hearty supper, and resolved to advance and gain if possible the point where the river first enters the mountains, in order to ascertain the general course of the river before it took this turn. We continued to travel over the rough and precipitous shores of the river for about two hours, until we arrived at a point which presented to our view the first distinct fall we had seen. At this point we came to a beautiful valley, where a small stream rushing down the rocks precipitated itself into a natural circular basin of rock, which presented the appearance of an artificial basin. We determined at once to take up our quarters for the night, and began making our preparations accordingly. We soon had a considerable space of wood cleared; built an arbour; and our natives surrounded us on all sides, with large fires, to protect us from the wild beasts. I felt no necessity for using such precautions, as our party was strong enough in fire arms to defy them; but I encouraged them to keep them up, as the best security against the bad effects of the night air. The next morning we arose early, and after each one had carved his name or made his mark on some prominent tree, to show at some future period that he had been one of the discoverers of this lovely spot, we took up our line of march for Millsburg. Our journey back was equally if not more eventful than that of the preceding day, but I must refer you to my journal for particulars.



### **Opinions of the Colonists.**

Mrs. Amelia Roberts, who resided for several years in Petersburg, Va. distinguished among her class for intelligence, moral character, and industrious habits, by which she had been enabled to place herself in comfortable circumstances, and who embarked in the *Harriet* for Liberia, by the return of that vessel, thus ex-

presses her views of the Colony, in a letter to a gentleman in Virginia. The utmost confidence, we know, may be placed upon this testimony.

LIBERIA, APRIL 26, 1829.

*Dear Sir:* I embrace this opportunity to inform you that all are enjoying a reasonable portion of health, and I hope this may find you and your family well. I have nothing particular to write you that occurred on the passage; but we had fine pleasant gales during all the voyage, of thirty-eight days. I can inform you of very little concerning the colony, as I have been here but a short time; but I see every thing carried on here as it is in the United States. I am, Sir, much pleased with the country, and have not the least desire to return to Virginia; and I am under a thousand obligations to the white people for sending me and my friends to the benighted land of Africa, and hope that God will bless every one that put in the least mite to assist us away. We have unfortunately lost our Agent and the Rev. Mr. Payne, from Richmond. The loss of our Agent has been much be-moaned by the colonists.

The Rev. George M'Gill, a coloured Methodist preacher, formerly of Baltimore, has just returned from the Colony, after having resided in it for two years, to accompany his family to that place. We have conversed with him on almost every subject relating to the affairs and prospects of the Colony. He is a person of great good sense, and irreproachable character. Many respectable coloured people in Baltimore, have, we understand, waited anxiously, to receive from his own lips, the opinions, which after an intimate acquaintance with the condition of the Colony, he has seriously and soberly adopted. Indeed, it was not merely for his own satisfaction, but for that of his friends also, that he visited Liberia. In a conversation with the writer of this, Mr. M'Gill remarked, that "the best square in the city of Baltimore, if offered to him, would not, under present circumstances, be sufficient to induce him to remain in this country." A writer in the Baltimore Gazette, who takes a deep interest in the plan and proceedings of the Colonization Society, speaking of Mr. M'Gill's report, observes:

"I have come back [he said] for my wife and children; and I am satisfied that Africa is the place for me and mine, and all others of my colour, who will go there with common industry and perseverance. Nothing would induce me to remain in America." In reply to our questions, he then entered into such a detail of circumstances as fully justified his opinions

and conduct. The mortality, he said, was comparatively trifling in most voyages—and could be traced, very generally, to the imprudence of the convalescents, who, anxious to be getting forward, make exertions which bring on a relapse, a second and third, and some times even a fourth time, before it carries them off. In most instances common care, when convalescing, will prevent mortality. Dr. Randall's case, as he reported it to us—and he was one who nursed him through his illness—illustrates his idea. Dr. Randall was quite convalescent, weakness being all that he had to contend with, after his first attack, and that was rapidly vanishing. In this state, he saw the Government schooner aground on the bar. He boarded her, and remained on deck, with the waves occasionally breaking over him, and exposed to the hottest beams of an African sun, from seven until eleven o'clock, A. M. The consequence was to have been foreseen; he was taken home delirious with a stroke of the sun. He again became convalescent, and was gaining strength rapidly, when the Harriet arrived—contrary to the entreaties of all around him, he insisted on superintending the debarkation and location of the settlers—and another relapse was the consequence of his unremitted labours—again he became convalescent, and was doing well, when the Harriet's emigrants began to be taken down with the sickness. He now broke from his immediate attendants, who would have restrained him within the bounds of common prudence, and, borne on a chair or supported on the arms of two men, insisted upon visiting and prescribing for the sick—a last and fatal attack was the consequence of these reiterations of imprudence. His own enthusiastic zeal destroyed him. The spirit was too restless for the frame which it inhabited. Dr. Mechlen, his Assistant, is in good health—because, altho' more affected, in the first instance, by the fever, he has taken care of himself, avoided unnecessary exposure, and pursued the advice of those who have experience of the climate.



## Kroomen.

There are now in the city of Baltimore, six native Africans, belonging to the tribe called Kroomen. [A highly interesting account of this remarkable tribe, by Thomas Ludlam, Esq. formerly Governor of Sierra Leone, will be found at the 43d p. of the first volume of our work.] These men, while seeking employment on board a Mexican Brig off Cape Montserado, had the misfortune to lose their canoc in a gale of wind, and the brig being driven out to sea, they were compelled to come to the United States. The commander of the brig, (Capt. Woodsides of Baltimore, who so gallantly aided Mr. Ashmun in his attack on Trade Town) has treated them with the utmost kindness, and indeed for several weeks, supported them entirely at his own expense. Their anxiety to return to their families, (who are alto-



gether ignorant of their fate) is extreme, and we rejoice to add, that they will probably obtain passage in the vessel about to be engaged to take certain recaptured Africans from St. Augustine to Liberia. The chief, Prince Will, and his brother Walker, have made a short visit to Washington, and some valuable information has been derived from them, in regard to the African coast, and particularly in regard to the character of their country, and the habits and customs of their tribe.

*Prince Will* was employed a great part of the time, for several years, by the late Colonial Agent, Mr. Ashmun, and by the fidelity and energy of his conduct, proved himself worthy of all confidence, and rendered essential service to the Colony. He stood by the settlement in the perilous conflict of 1822; in his canoe bore tidings of its danger to the Colony of Sierra Leone, and thus secured the friendly interposition of the British Naval Officers at that station. Subsequently at Trade Town, he guided the canoe from which Mr. Ashmun landed in the face of a numerous band of armed pirates, and of all the Kroomen generously exposed his life in support of the brave white man, who had so long been his friend. Prince and Walker are both intelligent and manly in their aspect and deportment, and exhibit in their forms and well-proportioned limbs, a degree of strength and activity which would hardly suffer by a comparison with the models of ancient times.

The Kroomen are the labourers and watermen of the coast, and upon them consequently, are the masters of vessels, visiting Africa, more or less dependent in obtaining intelligence concerning trade, procuring supplies of fuel and water, and in bringing off from places where landing from boats is difficult, such merchandise or slaves as they may have purchased. On this account, and because slavery is not tolerated among Kroomen, their rights are respected even by slave dealers, and they fearlessly board any vessel which makes its appearance, in search of employment. Not unfrequently is their passage given them from one part of the coast to another, and to such an act of courtesy from a commander well known to them, they seem to think themselves entitled. As a tribe, they are shrewd, industrious, abstemious, extremely sensible to kindness or insult, and very ambitious of distinction in their own country.

Their Government is perhaps justly denominated patriarchal, nor are any people in the world perhaps, equally attached to their superiors. To introduce civilization and Christianity among the Kroomen, is an object of vast importance, in our efforts to enlighten Africa. Their refusal to aid those engaged in the slave-trade, would do much for the abolition of that traffic. Let them be converted to Christ, and their salutary influence would soon be felt at every commercial station from the Senegal to the Zaire.

Prince Will has expressed an earnest desire that American settlements might be established among the Kroomen, and we will not cease to pray, that his countrymen may soon behold the everlasting Light.



**Abduhl Rahhahman.**

We have received a letter from this venerable man, from which the following are extracts.

MONROVIA, MAY 5, 1829.

REV. SIR: I am happy to inform you that I arrived safely in Africa, with my wife, and found the people generally in good health. You will please inform all my friends, that I am in the land of my forefathers; and that I shall expect my friends in America to use their influence to get my children for me, and I shall be happy if they succeed. You will please inform my children, by letter, of my arrival in the Colony.

As soon as the rains are over, if God be with me, I shall try to bring my countrymen to the Colony, and to open the trade. I have found one of my friends in the Colony. He tells me we can reach home in fifteen days, and promises to go with me. I am unwell, but much better.

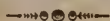
I am, with much respect, your humble Servant.

ABDUHL RAHHAHMAN.

**To Aux. Societies and all our Friends.**

The Managers of the Colonization Society feel it their duty again to express their opinion, that without increased resources, their efforts must be feeble, and the immediate results of them far less beneficial and extensive than many of their friends have allowed themselves to anticipate. They feel compelled to state, that unless the contributions to their cause this season, shall exceed the amount of receipts in any former year; it will be difficult, if not impossible, to send off a single expedition; and when it is considered, that many hundred applicants for a passage are now upon the books of the Society; that several masters of slaves have long been waiting for an opportunity to emancipate them, on being assured that they would immediately be removed to Liberia, and especially, that additional men, prepared for vigorous exertions in the cultivation of the soil, would be of vast advantage to the Colony; they make an earnest and confident appeal to the charity of all who have judgments to appreciate, and hearts to feel the worth of their cause. They solicit every Auxiliary Society to make the necessities of the Parent Institution a subject for special thought, and they entreat them, without delay, to act for their relief. They would remind every Clergyman, who may, until the present, have neglected to take up a collection, that it is not now too late to invite his congregation to come forward to the help of Africa. They would beg every reflecting Christian to ask himself, shall nothing effectual be done to relieve a race of men, who have for centuries been buried in darkness, and exposed to all the evils most afflicting to humanity? Nothing to foster the infant Colony so full of hope and promise to injured and degraded millions? Nothing

worthy of the people who founded it, or the end for which it was established? His heart will promptly answer, No. The American people *must* soon discern and feel the claims which Africa and her exiled children hold out before them: The cause of the Colonization Society *will*, at no distant period, receive a measure of patronage equal, at least, to that of any of the benevolent Institutions of our country. But let it be remembered, that *such patronage it has not yet received*. How gladly, were it possible, would we plead this cause in every Church within the limits of this Republic!—And could our voice be made audible throughout the land, its tones of impassioned entreaty should be heard by all, until the whole nation gave its sanction and its strength to complete a work alike required by political expediency, and the higher considerations of religious duty.



## Contributions

*To the Am. Col. Society, from 29th May, to 17th of July—  
inclusive.*

Collections in Rev. J. H. Hotckin's Church, Prattsburg, N. Y.	\$ 11
Miss Ann Smith, of Granville co. N. Carolina, per Rev Mr. Graham, (by Rev. Mr. Campbell,) .....	20
Rev. S. M. Worcester, Amherst, Mass. collections as follows:	
From Members of Amherst Academy, .....	\$16
Members of Amherst College, .....	43 20
Citizens of Amherst W. Parish, .....	17 50
Citizens in the W. Parish, in Granby, .....	16
	7 30—100
Female Col. Society of Warrenton, Va. per Rev. Geo. Lemmon,	55
A Friend in Alexandria, ... ..	10
J. P. Engles, Esq. of Philadelphia, .....	4 21
Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Chapel Hill, N. C. his annual subscription, ..	10
J. M. Conway, Esq. of Stafford Court House, Va. ....	2
Miss Matilda Boyd, per D. Sprigg, Esq. of Hagerstown, Md. ....	5
"4th of July offering," from an Alexandrian, .....	10
John Bruce, Esq. Treas'r. Aux. Society of Frederick co. Va. viz:	
Donation from Rev. W. Bartu, ....	\$5
Do. " David W. Bartu, Esq. ....	5
Cash found by a servant of D. W. Bartu, to be returned if the owner should appear, .....	10
Collection at the Masonic celebration of the 24th June, ..	11 62
Do. celebration of 4th July, .....	13 55
Do. Episcopal Church on 5th July, by Rev. Joannes E. Jackson, .....	16
Do. from Mrs. Balmain, .....	10
	71 27
Henry T. Kelly, Esq. Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio, .....	5
Connelssville, Col. Society, per Jos. Trevor, Esq. Cor. Secretary,	20
Adonijah Bidwell, Esq. of Hillsdale, Columbia co. New York, ..	10
J. Medley and others, of North East, Pa. ... ..	2

Carried forward, \$335 48

	Brought forward,	\$ 335 48
Geo. M'Laughlin, Esq. of Caroline co. Va. per Miss Luey Minor,		2
Hon. Theo. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, his 2d instalment on the plan of G. Smith, Esq. ....		100
Messrs. Alex. Brown & Son, of Baltimore, per Walter Smith, Esq.		100
And for the following collections; viz:		
In St. John's Church, Washington, per Rev. Mr. Hawley, .....		25
Rev. Mr. Campbell's do. (Presbyterian) do. per Mr. Gilliss, ..		18 92
Ebenezer Station, Navy Yard, do. per Rev. J. L. Gibbons, ...		9 29
Foundry Church, Washington, per Rev. S. G. Rozzell, .....		25
Rev. Dr. Balch's Church, Georgetown, D. C. ....		30 26
1st Presbyterian Congregation, Erie, Pa. per Geo. Selden, Esq.		10
Rev. Wm. Paxton's Church, Millerstown, Adams county, Pa.		15
Charlotte C. H. (Va.) Congregation, per Rev. Mr. Douglass,		18
Rev. D. H. Riddle's Church, at Winchester, Virginia, .....		13
Evan. Congregational Church, Barre, Mass. per Rev. J. Storrs,		10
Rev. Henry Benedict's Congregation, Norwalk, Connecticut,		25
St. Paul's Church, Chester, New York, per Rev. Mr. Morgan,		5
Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pa. per Rev. Mr. Schweinitz,		61 06
1st Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, per Rev. W. Nevins, ....		97 50
Presbyterian Church, Shepherdstown, Va. Rev. Dr. Matthews pastor, per Jno. T. Cooper, Esq. ....		20
Episcopal Church, Hagerstown, Md. per D. Sprigg, Esq. ....		10 26
Methodist Society, do. do. ....		5 15
St. Ann's Church, Annapolis, Md. per Rev. J. G. Blanchard,		25
8th Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Rev. W. L. M'Calla, per John P. Engles, Esq. ....		20 79
Winchester, Va. from the Methodist Congregation, on the 4th of July, 1829, after sermon by the Rev. Wm. Hill, .....		4 75
Winchester, Va. from the Presbyterian Congregation, by the Rev. Wm. Hill, on the 5th July, 1829, .....		6 61
Meeting House of Rev. J. Culbertson, per Henry Nye, Esq. Treasurer Aux. Society of Zanesville, Putnam co. Ohio, ...		50
Rev. Dr. Ely's (3d Presbyterian) Church, Philadelphia, ....		25
Trinity Church Society, New Haven, Conn. ....		20
2d Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, per Rev. J. Breckenridge,		43 25
Episcopal Church, Fredericksburg, Va. per Rev. E. M'Guire,		32 80
Rogersville, Tennessee, by Rev. S. D. Mitchell, ...		15
Forks of the Brandywine, Chester co. Pa. by Jno. N. C. Grill,		20
The Associate Methodist Church, Georgetown, D. C. per Rev. Mr. Wallace, .....		12 70
Woodford Church, Kentucky, per Rev. J. D. Paxton, .....		8 50
2d Refd. Dutch Church, Patterson, N. J. per Rev. Mr. Field,		5
St. Stephen's (Episcopal) Church, Wilkesbarre, Luzerne co. Pa. per Rev. J. May, .....		10
Church at Middleburg, Conn. by Rev. Eli Thompson, .....		4
Loekport, New York, by Rev. W. F. Curry, .....		13
Springfield, Otsego co. N. Y. by Wm. Baker, Esq. ....		7
Shippensburg, Pa. by H. R. Wilson, .....		6 50
Hillsborough, Ohio, by Rev. S. D. Blythe, .....		15

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N. B. All collections and donations may be transmitted, by mail, to RICHARD SMITH, Esq. Treasurer, Washington City, or be paid to the Treasurer of any one of the State Societies.





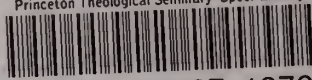


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